THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

A. HART & R. E. CRAIG, Proprietors. | The Union—It Must be Preserved. | Office in Phœnix Block, Third Story.

NEW SERIES.----VOL. 1, NO. 17. | RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1854. | WHOLE NUMBER 491.

Poetry.

Written for the Sentinel.

Departing Life.

BY ANNANIAS W. SAWYER.

"The tide receedeth."

They have whispered to you, Mother,
Though these cheeks are rosie red.
Your child must leave you soon, Mother,
And slumber with the dead.
I know the words are true, Mother,
Or else you would not cry,
And little May must die, Mother,
Your little May must die.

'Tis hard to leave this world, Mother,
And all its joy resign;
'Tis hard to leave dear friends, Mother,
And this old home of mine,
I love the flowers so bright, Mother,
And from them loathe to go,
When they are just in blow, Mother,
When they are just in blow.

'Tis hard to leave this world, Mother,
And those I love so well,
To bid each one farewell, Mother,
To bid each one, farewell.
'Tis hard to leave my mates, Mother,
I love them one and all,
But God has sent for me, Mother,
And I'll obey his call.

I'm going up on high, Mother,
To seek the shepherds fold,
Where little lambs go in, Mother,
Through gates of pearl and gold.
I'm going far from home, Mother,
From you and baby "Sis,"
But soon you'll meet me there, Mother,
In Eden's realm of bliss.

Truth.

WRITTEN FOR . MARIE HORACE DAY.

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble:
Noble in the walks of time:
Time that leads to an eternal:
An eternal life sublime.

Life sublime in moral beauty:
Beauty that shall ever be:
Ever be to lure thee onward:
Onward to the fountain free.

Free to every earnest seeker:
Seeker at the fount of youth:
Youth exultant in its beauty:
Beauty found in quest of truth.

THE PRINTER BARD.

A Popular Tale.

MICHAEL ALLSCOTT.

OR, THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARIONS MEN.

BY J. W. IRVIN.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

Hastily then the young trooper strode along, and soon was seated firmly in his saddle, retracing his steps, to bear his general the important information he had received.

Although the silent moon above sent down a flood of light upon the scenery through which he passed, making it yet more beautiful than day, yet the attention of the trooper was not aroused by the visible objects around him. Moodily pressing the rowel into the flanks of his already jaded steed, he abstractly continued his journey in that meditative mood that leaves the outer senses to slumber and repose. He had already retraced some ten miles of the road, over which he had so lately passed, when suddenly awakening from his revery, and finding that his good steed had fallen into a slower pace than the urgency of the case and the short time before him permitted, he quickened his pace into a gallop and with new life his horse dashed gallantly onward. Before him the road turned off abruptly to the right, and as at a rapid pace he turned the corner, Michæl found himself, unexpectedly, face to face with a body of horsemen, some twenty-five or thirty in number who had halted in the road, and before he could check his fiery and impetuous steed he was borne into their very midst.

"Hallo! who the deuce have we here! exclaimed the leader of the band, suddenly wheeling upon Michæl, who found himself in an instant hemmed in by the armed horsemen who closed around him, rendering resistance or escape alike impossible.

"Some d———d rebel, colonel, I'll stake my life on it," replied one of their number,

"Who are you," again demanded their leader in an authorative tone. "Your name—your business? answer briefly and to the point we have no time to lose in idle questions.

"Hang him up! shouted one of their number, who was scarcely able to sit on his horse, brandishing at the same time a sabre above his head. "Hang him up, and let's on to old Wharton's before the rebel we are after, makes his escape."

"Put up your sword Randall" interposed another of the band. "Put up your sword, and let's hear what the fellow has to say.

In an instant Michæl comprehended the full peril of his situation. He at once understood from the language that met his ears, that the party before him were at that time in pursuit of himself, as he correctly divined at the instigation of the bloody Harrison. Knowing well that they were bent upon his destruction, he scorned to attempt to deceive them by falsehood. As dearly as he loved life, he set a still higher value upon truth.

"What have you to say?" again asked their leader in an irritated tone. "Our time is precious—speak—your name!"

"Were your time ten times as precious," answered Michæl boldly, "you should tarry here a long while before I should answer questions of such a character upon the common highway."

"Da-arn me kernel," squeaked a voice in the crowd, "if this ain't rank treason against you. Ef it was left to me, I'd say swing him up on a grape vine."

"Move," shouted a harsh, but commanding voice from the out circle of the crowd, and the speaker, a tall and stalwart man, whose face was bandaged up made his way into the midst of the circle, to get a better view of the prisoner.

Michæl's heart began to beat quick and fast for in that fierce voice, and stout horseman, he recognized that vindictive tory whom his hand had that evening stricken to his feet, and who he well knew cherished feelings of the deadliest hatred against him. Knowing that to fall into his hands would be scarce less than instant death, with the anxious eagerness of despair he looked from side to side, with the desperate resolution of making an effort to break from the band of his captors.

"That's your man! seize him!" shouted Harrison—for it was he—the moment his glance rested on our hero.

With a desperate hope of escape, Michæl tightened the rein of his good steed, planted himself firmly in his stirrups, and driving the rowel home in the flanks of his high mettled charger, gave him the reins and attempted to rush by Harrison.

The attempt, desperate as it was, had nearly succeeded. Two of the horsemen who stood in his path were borne before him to the earth, and staggered by the shock, his horse for a moment faltered. Time was thus afforded to Harrison, who was monnted upon an iron grey of surpassing activity, to wheel his horse suddenly around, and raising a heavily loaded whip which he carried in his hands, he dealt Michæl a blow that felled him to the earth. In an instant a dozen of the companions of Harrison were upon him, and stunned by the shock, before he recovered from his momentary stupor, his arms were pinioned and he lay at their mercy.

When Michæl was fully restored to consciousness, his captors were dismounted and standing around him. The hum of voices sounded confusedly in his ears; but he distinctly perceived it was the desire of the greater number to hang him up literally to the nearest tree. The greater portion of them, led on by Harrison, were clamorous for his instant execution, while he who appeared their leader seemed desirous to postpone it to some more fitting time. He also ascertained that the party into whose hands he had so unfortunately fallen, had been collected by Harrison for the purpose of following him to Isaac Wharton's, whither Harrison had learned he was wont to go whenever he obtained leave of absence from the camp of Marjon.

Stung with mortification jealousy and long cherished hatred, Harrison and his followers urged the immediate execution of Allscot, but he who seemed their chief and who was treated with marked defference and respect by all, firmly refused to sanction their cruel and horrid design.

"Colonel Tynes," exclaimed Harrison pointing with drawn saber to Michæl, who bore himself unmoved and proudly in his trying situation, "that man you know to be an active and dangerous rebel."

I could scarcely conside him such at present," returned Tynes, with a cynical smile, and seemingly indifferent to the ill humor and impatience of his second in commaed.

Harrison ground his teeth with rage, while he continued.

'Am I then to understand, Colonel Tynes, that faithful, and tried, and active servants of the king, are to sit down patiently and bear the injuries and indignities of such rebels as he!"

"Yes!" piped in little Bill Stoker from the out skirts of the crowd; "is we that's allers out and bled and died for the king, to be knocked down with our own cheers in our own houses, and never be allowed the privilege to hollow—that's the question!"

A general laugh from the crowd followed this earnest pathetic statement of the state of affairs! Harrison bit his lip with vexation, and looked daggers at his late fellow-sufferer, while Tynes strove in vain to suppress a smile.

"No, major!" said he, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of Harrison, and speaking in a tone at once courteous and resolute, "I do not intend that this rebel or any other that may fall into my hands, shall escape the fate due to the crime of treason. But holding as we do the commission of a christian king, we must not act with disgraceful precipitation. Besides, we thus give the enemy the right to retaliate, and God keep them from that!" he added with a shutter. "On to-morrow we will give, him a trial, and on the next day he shall hang! And now to your horses! You, Applejohn and Stoker, put the prisoner on his horse between you, and see you, be watchful that he has no opportunity of escape. Should he attempt it shoot him on the spot!"

Thus saying, Tynes received his horse from an attendant, and put his foot in the stirrup. In a couple of minutes the whole cavalcade was again in motion, having Michæl bound and placed on his horse between two of their number. Thus he found himself unexpectedly turned back, and carried a prisoner along the road he had already twice travelled since set of sun. The party having secured their prisoner, wended their way slowly, and in cautious silence toward the camp upon Tarcose. Those of the party conversed with each other in whispers, for the name of Marion—a name associated with midnight surprises, and terrible from the suddenness with which he at times pounced down upon the enemy who deemed him far distant—was a spell of terror which followed the tory in all his evil deeds, and sleeping or walking, by day and by night, followed him like the whisperings of an evil disquieted conscience.

CHAPTER III.

There is a strength
Deep buried in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent,
Before her gems are found?

"I myself with save him!" cried Dora suddenly arousing from her deep dejection, while her eye flashed with new born energy; "I will appeal to no mercy of savage men, but to the sword of his country.—They live by the sword, and wo unto them, by thesword they shallperished!"

Thus spoke the noble woman, as with a firmer step she paced the floor of her chamber Tynes and Harrison had that very morning visited the house shortly after the dawn, and made no concealment of the fact that Allscot hed been captured by them but a few hours before and they were equally unreserved in proclaiming their intentions to have him publicly executed on the day succeeding that of their visit. Shocked and overwhelmed by the distressing information, Dora forgot her maiden delicacy, and throwing herself at the feet of his captors, plead in tears for her lover's life. Tynes was cold and inexorable, and though Harrison perserved a decent and cautious silence, there was a lurking triumph in his eyes more significannt and sinistrous than the impassive humanity of Tynes. As these two worthies left the house, Harrison found an opportunity of whispering in her ear a few words of seeming interest and kindness,

"Come, Miss Singleton," said he, "to our camp on Tarcote, on to-morrow, and I will join with you in an attempt to obtain for this young man pardon from the colonel. Accept my offer in the spirit in which it is made and our joint efforts will perhaps save him."

Dora's first thoughts were to spurn his proffer or services, which only cloaked premeditated wrong, with the honest indignation it justly deserved; but knowing that such conduct would only hasten the fate of Michael, and feeling that it was due to him to take no course which might render his danger still more eminent she turned toward Harrison with a bright eye and answered:

"I thank you Mr. Harrison,"—Harrison who was a Major in the royalist service bit his lip with indignation—"I thank you, sir, for your offer, and do indeed accept it in the spirit in which it was made. Perhaps my visit to your camp may be delayed until a late hour on to-morrow, but as sure as the sun rises I will visit your camp."

Harrison with his superior officer, departed—thoroughly deceived by the honest frankness of the maiden.

"She has fallen into my snare," was the self congratulatory thought of the tory major as he left the house.

"Fool that he is, to think that I believed or trusted one so bloody and faithless!" was the soliloquy of the fair Dora, as she ascended the staircase and entered her chamber.—All the heroism of her nature was aroused, and with the determination to save Michael there was awakened within her an energy and self dependence of which until that hour she did not believe herself possessed. Her spirit rose with the occasion that called forth her latent energies, and she determined to lose not an hour in irresolute delay.

Summoning a servant by a bell that stood upon the mantle board, she bade her seek out and send to her, without delay, Nero, a valuable and trusty servant, who had been in childhood the playmate, and in maturer years the body servant of her father. Like all servants in his station, he was devotedly attached to his young mistress. She was the beau ideal of all that was good and excellent, and however he might feel it necessary to differ from her opinion, still whenever she commanded he was ready to lay down his life in her service. In short, Nero was in his own estimation one of the most important and dignified personages; yet, when his young mistress was in question, a most humble and unobtrusive individual.

In a very few moments Dora's maid servant, Jane returned, preceeded by Nero, cap in hand, who halted at the door, and stood respectfully awaiting the commands of his young mistress. There was on his face an expression of curiosity and expectation that provoked a smile from Dora, despite her distress. The wrinkles on the old man's brow and the twinkling in his eye said as plainly as words—"Ki, missy! what now!"

"Good morning, missy," said the old man with a smile expressive of wonder.

"Good morning, daddy Nero," returned Dora with a sigh, "I have sent to you to know if Fearnought is in proper plight for a long and rapid journey."

"Yes, missy!" answered the old man opening his eyes wide; "Fearnought travel like de wind."

"Has he been well fed this morning?" asked she.

"Yes, ma'am—bin well fed—feed um myself," was the reply.

"Is he a safe and sure horse!" again asked his youug mistress.

"Ki, ma'am, he be an wild as de tiger," answered Nero.

"I mean daddy Nero," asked Dora, "is he sure-footed, and will he go through all difficulties?"

"Sure-footed for true!" replied Nero opening his eyes wider and wider, and he'll go to the debbil if you'll only gib him line enough. Fearnought's a mighty spirited horse for true."

"Well, then, Nero, he is just the horse I want," replied his mistress. "I wish you to saddle him for me at once; and here's a value I wish you to attach to the saddle for me."

"Saddle Fearnought for you, missy!" replied the old man with an incredulous frown and smile. "Why, there ain't a nigger massa Wharton got, what dare for to ride him!"

"My father was a good horseman—was he not?" asked Dora.

"Yes, ma'am! he ride like the debbil!" responded Nero.

"Well, then, I think," replied she, "I'll prove myself his daughter. Saddle Fearnought and I'll take a gallop upon him," she continued with a flashing eye, "for many a long mile, ay, even if it cost me my neck."

"Let me go wid you den, missy!" asked Nero eagerly.

"I shall at all events need your service until I return," answered she evasively.

"Thank God for dat, anyhow," ejaculated Nero, receiving the valise, which she tossed him, and with a reverent bow the old man withdrew to fulfill her commands.

In a few minutes thereafter Dora appeared in her riding dress, descended from her apartment and found Nero with all things in readiness for her departure, a quiet but strong and serviceable animal for his own use being haltered at the rack while he with difficulty held by the reins the animal she had ordered to be saddled for her own.

In truth Fearnought was as wild and fierce a steed as ever paced the sultry plains of Arabia. Tall and of magnificent proportions, he stood restlesely pawing up the earth and plunging about as if to escape from the hands of his groom, his wild and nervous eye flashing with fire.

"You can't ride him, miss," observed old Nero, shaking his head doubtingly. "Better let me put him up and ketch old Fox."

"Never mind, daddy Nero," she said, "only bring him up to the steps so I can mount, and once within the saddle, I will answer for the rest."

The horse which Dora had chosen for her ride was indeed a high mettled and fiery animal. His glossy coat of a dark bay color, that glittered in the sun, as soft and as smooth as velvet; his eye that flashed widely, his high arched crest, slender form and faultless proportions, all proclaimed him one of that thorough-bred and pure blooded stock, at that day so justly the pride of Carolina.

The restive and fiery animal was led to the platform, and without a moment's hesitation Dora trusted herself to the saddle, and in low and gentle tones soothed him into quiet as she guided him down the avenue. Patiently he submitted to her control, and moved on as quietly as a lamb, as though proud of his gentle rider, and mindful of her safety.

"Ki, woman stronger den one debbil," muttered old Nero, as he cantered on after her, on his more staid and sober animal, with a capacious basket containing comforts for the sick man on the saddle bow.

Dora was soon in a fast canter moving like a fleeing shadow along the bridle path that led to the Black river swamp, on the very margin of which was the dwelling of the long doubted, but faithful whig—old Archibald Kerr. The house, which was in a field of about two acres, stood on the brow of the hill at the foot of which, lay the oozy and pathless swamp. One might have stood in the door-way and tossed a filbert without an effort beyond its margin.

The bridle path that wound around the field to the front of the hut was so blocked up by brushwood, that it was passible only with some difficulty. In fact it seemed as if the owner had permitted it to be choked up, in order that at any time he might the more readily escape from any band of horsemen sent to arrest him.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Nero was ready at hand to receive the bridle of the maiden as she dismounted.—She hastened on to the door of the hut, over which a growth of magnificent trees of the forest flung their shadows, and without even the ceremony of knocking at the door for admission, crossed the threshold and entered the sole apartment of the hut.

The room was poorly and scantily furnished. In one corner stood a bedstead, coarsely, yet neatly supplied, and before the hearth, on which were arranged the few culinary utensils which the old man possessed, stood a rude bench and a couple of oaken chairs. The floor was faultlessly clean, and even the pine shelves on which were arranged the bright tin ware and cheap plates bore traces of frequent scouring.

The old man was sitting upon a bench before the fire, and so deeply was he absorbed in thought, or so dull and inactive had his senses become from long and painful illness, that he heeded not her light footsteps as she crossed his threshold. His feet encased in a soft pair of moccasins, and a blanket thrown around his shoulders, supplying the place of coat and waistcoat, he sat bending over the scanty fire, on which an iron pot was steaming, his long bony fingers clasped together, seemingly lost in thought. Dora paused and gazed upon him for a moment before she ventured to address him.

Far beyond the common height, with a broad and capacious chest, his figure still bore evidence of gigantic strength. As he sat bowed down with his head bent till it hung above his knees, and his sinewy hands laid upon his lap, with his long thin pale fingers interwined with one another, and his sunken meditative eyes fixed upon the floor, his air was so stern that the maiden almost trembled before him. Stiff as the quills of the fretful porcupine, his bristling hair grizzled with age, rose above his huge massive forehead, which was deeply and thickly furrowed with wrinkles. His face was long, withered and darkened by exposure; his long and aquiline nose added determination and expression to his features, while his full, projecting nether lip gave additional harshness to his countenance.

Dora gazed silently upon him for a moment, and then advanced to the spot where the old man sat. Hearing the rustling of her dress, he turned suddenly around, raised himself erect on his seat, and fixed upon her his keen gray eye, that twinkled suspiciously under the long coal-black bushy brows that projected over them.

"I have heard, Mr. Kerr, you were extremely ill," said she advancing and kindly extending her hand, "and I have come to visit you."

The old man received her hand, while his face relaxed somewhat of its sternness, and gently motioned her to a seat. Dora took an arm chair opposite to him, and made an effort to engage the old man in conversation by kindly inquiries as to his health and welfare. The old man answered her inquiries courteously, yet briefly, and it was not difficult to see that some secret distrust of his visitor, or the object connected therewith, haunted his mind, and rendered him the less communicative.

"Mr. Kerr," said she at length, "I am told you know how to direct me on my way to Marion's camp. Can you do so!"

The old man started wildly, and fixed on her a gace of wonder and suspicion, while he glanced apprehensively towards the door, as if fearing he had been betrayed to the tories.

"Marion's camp!" ejaculated the old man in surprise—"who told you so?"

"One moment, Mr. Kerr, I beg you will listen to me patiently," answered the maiden in an earnest and appealing tone. "You cannot be ignorant of the gathering of tories which is to take place within a short distance of this place on to-morrow!"

The old man held his peace, and Dora continued, with her dark eyes fixed upon him:

"Marion ought to be informed of that."

Kerr still continued silent.

"Have you," she continued, "no means of forwarding to him information so important as this!"

The old patriot groaned aloud, but answered:

"What business is this of mine! If Marion or any other general wishes information, think you it is my business to embroil myself by mixing into his affairs? If he wishes to be informed of all that is passing, think you not there are spies and scouts enough in the country, already?"

"But if his scouts are all taken?" suggested Dora.

"All taken," exclaimed the old man earnestly and wildly, while his eye began to flash with interest—"Where's—but what do you know about it, my child! Speak!" and he leaned over and gazed earnestly upon her.

"Jamison is taken," replied Dora.

"Well! well,' asked Kerr impatiently and eagerly—"what next!"

"Ames is taken," she continued.

"Well! well!" cried the old man, unconsciously rising from his seat, while his gray eye twinkled with fearful interest, and his hands were pressed nervously together, "what of —— never mind—tell me! what more!"

"And Richbourg," she began—

"What of Richbourg!" he cried in a tone of thunder.

"Is killed," she replied.

The old man sank upon his seat ovewhelmed by powerful emotions. His lips grew livid from the violence of his excitement. He had already been made aware of the capture of Ames and Jamison, but he had still trusted that Richbourg had escaped to bear the news of the tory gathering to Marion.

"All gone!" he at length groaned aloud, "and I only am left, feeble, shattered and impotent for good. O, for a half score hours of health and strength, and I would then willingly lie down and die!"

"Mr. Kerr," said Dora in a firm and unshaken tone, "will you not trust me! I am on my way to Marion's camp; will you not lay aside your prudent distrust and direct me thither?"

"How knew you aught of my connection with Marion!" inquired Kerr sternly. "Who told you that I knew the secrets of his camp!"

"Listen to me patiently, my honored friend, and I will tell you the whole story;" and without a moment's hesitation she told him of the capture of Michæl, of the last night's conversation between them, and the motives which had induced the young whig to intrust her with the secret of Marion's camp, which he held.

"It is the good providence of God," said the old man after he had heard her story.—"But do you think to go alone!"

"Altogether alone," she replied. "I dare not risk exposing our general's secret hiding place, by carrying even a single domestic with me."

"The camp is full fifty miles away," said the old man, "can you undergo the fatigue!"

"I am ready to lay down even my life, so I can but see our brave general," she replied with warmth.

"Be it so then, my child," answered the old man, and stooping down he displaced a stone from the rude hearth, and drew forth a map, upon which were laid down the chief roads of that section of the country, and the hiding places frequented by the partizan.

With great care, and in a succinct and intelligible manner, he pointed out to her the route she must take to reach the camp, or rather to fall in with a guide, who would conduct her to Marion; for the camp itself, which lay in the heart of an extensive swamp, could only be reached by one thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of the locality.

"Thank you, Mr. Kerr, thank you," replied Dora, when the old man had concluded; "I now feel secure of my object, and rest assured that Marion's secret is as safe with me as with the best soldier of his camp."

"I believe you, my child," answered the old man kindly; "I had judged you only by what I knew of old Isaac Wharton. I knew that he was bitterly opposed to us, and did not dream that Michael had converted you to our cause."

"Nor did he, indeed," replied Dora, quickly. "I breathed in Independence with childhood's breath. My covenanting ancestors brought the spirit of freedom with them from Scotland's mountains and moors—it lives in my blood, and beats in my pulses; and believe me, if our people would take counsel of me, they would fight while there is one arm left to raise up in an oath of resistance to tyranny."

The old man's eyes flashed with delight as he looked upon the noble woman, whose earnest features gave additional force to her language.

"God bless you for a worthy descendant of Scotland's glorious martyrs!" was his solemn invocation. "God will prosper our righteous cause, when even the women of our land are inspired with the spirit of liberty."

"I must leave you now, Mr. Kerr," said Dora, rising; "I have brought thus far with me a faithful and discreet servant, who will remain and nurse you during your sickness until my return. Nay, I can take no refusal," continued she, seeing him about to decline the offer. "I dare not carry him with me, and were he to return alone, I fear lest friends might conjecture my errand and pursue me. And only think what danger it would bring upon Michael, were it only suspected at the tory camp that I was on my way to seek out Marion. No, my good friend, for many reasons you must permit Nero to remain with you, and as time is precious, I must be on the road."

"Ah! dear young lady," said the old man, shaking his head doubtingly, "have you well thought of the distracted state of the country—of the lawless and violent men whom you may encounter! Will not your maiden modesty shrink back from dangers greater than death!"

"Believe me no!" replied Dora, firmly.—"I trust in a brave steed, fleet as the wind, that would bear me off in safety though the bloody Tarlton with all his troops were at my heels!"

"A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength," replied the old man, in the beautiful language of that book that was his daily food; "but 'behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine. *He* is our help and our shield."—Trust thon in Him."

The old man pressed her hand kindly as he spoke, and with slow and feeble steps followed her to the door, and watched her with interest as she proudly and confidently took her seat on the back of her impatient steed. He followed her with his eyes as she turned away on her strange and romantic mission, and as she disappeared from his sight, seized with a sudden faintness, he made an effort to regain his seat by the fire, and when about half way across the room staggered, and would have fallen, but for the timely assistance of Nero, who at that moment entered with a capacious basket of provisions for the use of the invalid.

Overcome by the intense excitement to which his feeble and exhausted frame had been subjected, he became rapidly worse and permitted himself to be assisted to his bed by Nero, who with a rueful countenance walked about the room like a mute shadow, carefully anticipating the wants of the sick man, and now and then dashing a tear from his honest eye, as the sad memory crossed him of his kind mistress departing on some mysterious mission, the secret of which he was not permitted to share.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUBLIMITY.—The following specimen of the sublime is from the lips of an itinerant vender of soaps, &c., and was delivered at a fair held a few days since at Keene, N. H.:—"O that I were an eagle! I would seize Columbia's flag unfurled, and soar aloft until I reached the upper air. I would wave it o'er the thrones of tyrants, an emblem of hope and promise to the down-trodden, and hang it from the ceiling of the skies. I would steal the nectar from the gods, and suck from every cloud ambrosial sweets, and when I descended again to earth, *would make them into soap.*"

A PRACTICAL ANSWER.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer of the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to Heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "Ven ve ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis is de pest road, and some say dat is de pest; but it don't make much difference which road we take; for ven ve get dare, dey never ask us which vay ve come—and it is none of deir pusiness—*if our wheat is good.*"

A ROSE AND ITS THORNS.—When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton," but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

Agricultural.

The Farmer's Mode of Life.

There is no error more pernicious, or more extensively prevalent, than the idea that the chief end of existence, is, to toil and garner up riches. Men will not, in so many words, acknowledge their belief in a doctrine so abominable; but the actions of by far the greater part of mankind, demonstrate, that, to all practical intents and purposes, they do belong to that household of faith. The world of men and women, if called upon today, to define, by their *acts*, and *modes of life*, their idea of the paramount objects of existence, would verify the seemingly sweeping assertion that we have made.

And yet, each soul has intuitions teaching better things. Labor, in itself, is far from being attractive. A given amount of physical effort may be conducive to health and happiness; but even then, labor is not the *end*—happiness is the end, and labor is the *means* of securing it. Just so it is, as regards the increase, or accumulation of wealth.—A mass of wealth, hoarded up, as the avails of years of toil, or of a fortunate speculation—or what is worse—of reckless ambition, or grasping avarice, can impart to the mind nothing that deserves the name of joy. It oftener causes a train of evils, infinitely worse than the ordiary concomitants of poverty—worse because avarice itself is a curse, to say nothing of the numberless discomforts, always attending it.

This is, after all, a fair and beautiful world—a place fitted up, with infinite skill, for the temporary dwelling place of man. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive how the great Architect could have done better by us. The broad fields are before us, variegated, as models of taste, and every where inviting us to adorn the garden planted by the Master's hands, and to enjoy the munificent benefactions of his providence; while over our heads are spread out the glorious heavens, as the eloquent exponents of unchanging and incomprehensible goodness. And yet, the multitude of those who "live, move, and have their being," in in the very atmosphere of an all-comprehending benevlence, which demands of all that they shall be happy, and joyful all the day long turn away their faces from beholding the brightness of the Creator's face, and make it the great object of existence, not to enjoy, but to accumulate.

Now, it may be earnestly insisted upon, that a mode of life, conformed to such a perversion of the grand elementary principle of social existence, to say nothing of the eternal fitness of things, can never be otherwise than debasing and unprofitable. Especially is this true of those, who, as the cultivators of the soil, are in the very midst of objects calculated to enlarge, and quicken into healthful activity, the finer capacities for enjoyment, and who stand intimately related to the Creator by a practical familiarity with the laws of the universe. Those who can cause the earth to become clothed in living green, and who can call "the cattle upon a thousand hills" their own, ought, assuredly, to be able to extract from the unperverted volume of nature, the most useful and delightful instruction, and live in a way to render their days a beautiful commentary, not upon the goodness of God merely, but upon the capacity for enjoyment which that goodness has bestowed upon us.

If we are right in this, it follows that those whose chosen lot it is, to cultivate the earth, should fix upon a mode of life best adapted to the end of promoting their own happiness, and that of those who share the labors of their vocation. They ought not to live upon the refuse of their crops, nor in any way to cut themselves off from the pleasures, rational indulgences, or refinements of life. Who, better than the laborer, is entitled to the choice dainties produced by his industry?—Why should he select from his larder or his granary, from his orchard or his garden, the the best parts for the drones of the social hive, and feed himself and his family upon what is left? Or why should he banish comfort from his own fireside, for the sake of making money for his heirs to quarrel about?

Not only should the farmers home be the abode of cheerfulness, peace, and contentment; but it should be distinguished by the adornments of taste, and the embellishments of an advanced and progressive civilization. Increased facilities of production, should be attended by increased endeavors to render abundance subservient to the higher and nobler ends of existence, The accustomed hours of labor should be followed by evenings of peace, and innocent hilarity; the cares of the day should be sanctified to the good of the farmer's household, by the hallowing influences of sympathy; and from the domestic altar should go up, to the ear of complacent Heaven, the offering of sincere and heartfelt gratitude. And this will be found no fancy sketch, when the real interests of the industrial classes shall come to be properly understood, and duly appreciated. And were such a thing practicable, our agricultural societies would do well to offer a liberal premium for the best regulated HOME; and a diploma, for the largest amount of domestic enjoyment. Till they do so, we will offer, on individual account, a volume of the Ohio Farmer, for the best Mode of Life, adapted to the rural districts, and the wants of our fellow-laborers in the cause of industrial improvement.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ A Western editor, in speaking of a concert singer who has just been out his way, says her voice is delicious: pure as moonlight, and as tender as a three shilling shirt. If that is not complimentary, we should like to know what is.